

money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not."

The pleasure-seeker is vividly portrayed in the Prodigal Son, who found his eagerly sought for pleasures failed, and then would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine do eat. "There is a craving that the husks of pleasure can never satisfy. There is a life of the soul they can never sustain. And when the attempt is made the spiritual life droops and dies. The man or woman sinks to the level of the brute, with no aspiration above what to eat or drink, or wherewithal to be clothed, or how fancy may be pleased,—spiritually dead—the whole realm of spiritual life is closed and dark.

5. The liver in pleasure is dead while living because he has forfeited his eternal life for the bauble of an hour.

Failing to accept Christ as Savior and Lord, he is under the abiding displeasure of God—his wrath—which is death. But the failure to accept Christ leaves him in a condition of death, for "in Him is life, and the life was the Light of men." I am—the life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

And on the record book of the King Eternal against the name of the liver in pleasure is placed the mark of Dead—"Dead in trespasses and sins"—walking according to the course of this world; according to the prince of the power of the air, of the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.

The following lines are from the saintly Mac Cheyne on hearing of the decision of a friend to abide by the world:

"She has chosen the world and its paltry crowd—  
She has chosen the world and an endless shroud!  
She has chosen the world with its misnamed pleasures,  
She has chosen the world before heaven's own treasures,  
She hath launched her boat on life's giddy sea,

And all is afloat for eternity:  
But Bethlehem's star is not in her view,  
And her aim is far from the harbor true,  
When the storm descends from an angry sky,  
Ah! where from the winds shall the vessel fly,  
When stars are concealed and rudder gone,  
And heaven is sealed to the wandering one?  
The whirlpool opes for the gallant prize  
And with all her hopes to the deep she hies;  
But who may tell of the place of woe  
Where the wicked dwell—where the worldlings go?  
For the human heart can never conceive  
What joys are the part of them who believe;  
Nor can justly think of the cup of death  
Which all must drink who despise the faith.  
Away, then—oh, fly from the joys of earth!  
Her smile is a lie—there's a sting in her mirth;  
Come, leave the dreams of this transient night  
And bask in the beams of an endless light."

We emancipate ourselves, not by what we tear ourselves loose from, but in what we tie ourselves up to.—  
Dr. Parkhurst.

## THE LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

I once ascended Mount Washington with a party of friends on horseback, and we were overtaken by a violent storm, followed by a thick, blinding mist. After a rough scramble over slippery rocks, it was a woful disappointment to find, on our arrival at the "Tiptop House," that we could not see any object two rods from the door. But late in the afternoon the clouds began to roll away, and one mountain after another revealed itself to our view. At length the sun burst forth and overarched the valley of the Saco with a gorgeous rainbow; we came out and gazed on the magnificent panorama with wondering delight, and as the rays of the setting sun kindled every mountain peak with gold, we all exclaimed, "At evening time it shall be light!"

My experience on that mountain top is a striking illustration of the experiences of God's people in all ages. Faith has had its steep hills of difficulty to climb, and often through blinding mists and hustling storms. Unbelief says, "Halt!" and despair cries, "Go back!" But hope keeps up in steady, cheery song, "It will be better further on." The poor old patriarch Jacob wails out that all things are against him, and that he will go down to his grave mourning. Wait a little. Yonder comes the caravan from Egypt, laden with sacks of corn, and bringing the good tidings that Joseph is the prime minister of Pharaoh's government! To the astonished old man at evening it is light!

The office of faith is to cling to the fact that behind all clouds, however thick, and all storms, however fierce, God is on the throne. It is the office of hope to look for the clearing of the clouds in God's good time. If we had no storms we would never appreciate the blue skies; the trials of the tempest are the preparations for the afterglow of the sunshine. We ought never to think it strange that difficulties confront us, or trials assail us; for this is but a part of our discipline, and in the end all things work for good to them that God loveth and who trust him. It is according to God's will and economy that we should be exposed to temptations or to trials which threaten to drive us to despair. God wants to teach us our dependence upon him. No climb is so difficult, or so steep, or so hard, but God is standing by to confute the notion that work for Him is ever entirely in vain. I will go farther, and affirm that no honest prayer was ever yet uttered in the right spirit and failed to get some answer; if not the thing asked for, yet some other good thing has been granted. And, oh, how often God surprises us after a long day of struggles and discouragements by a glorious outburst of light in the evening time!

There is hardly one passage in our Bible that is more full of encouragement to faithful ministers, and teachers, and parents, and to all who are toiling in Christian enterprises, than this very text that suggests this article. Things easily done are generally of small value; it is the costly undertaking that counts. From the days of Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary the history of the Christian Church has been—conflict before victory, labor before reward, shadow before sunlight.